

To the WORSHIPFUL

FRANCIS OSBORN, Esq. MAYOR,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgeffes,

And the Rest of the Worthy Inhabitants

of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,

This yearly BILL of MORTALITY is presented,

By their most obedient humble Servant,

SAMUEL WRIGHT.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of ALL-SAINTS, from the 21st of December, 1797, to the 21st of December, 1798; including Persons (in Number 4) buried at the Meeting in College-Lane; at the Chapel in King's Head Lane, 2; at the Methodists' Chapel, Ditto, 0; and at the Quakers' Burying Ground, 0.

DISEASES in the Parish of All-Saints.

Aged - - - 6	Dropsy - - - 3	Inflammation - 1	Suddenly - - - 2
Child-Bed - - 1	Fevers - - - 3	Mortification - 3	Teeth - - - 3
Consumptions - 27	Fistula - - - 1	Palsy - - - 1	
Convulsion - - 2	Fits - - - 6	Small-Pox - - 1	

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old 23	Ten and Twenty - 2	Forty and Fifty - 3	Seventy and Eighty - 3
Between Two and Five 3	Twenty and Thirty - 4	Fifty and Sixty - 4	Eighty and Ninety - 1
Five and Ten 2	Thirty and Forty - 4	Sixty and Seventy - 9	Ninety and Hundred 2

CHRISTENED.				BURIED.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.
ALL-SAINTS. - -	55	48	103	34	26	60
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	19	20	39	18	22	40
St. GILES'S. - -	23	12	35	15	13	28
St. PETER'S. - -	5	8	13	3	4	7
In the whole Town.	102	88	190	70	65	135
Buried at the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish, 1.	Inceased	-	13	Decreased	-	50

The Sting of Death is Sin.

CAN I hope to gain Attention
From the Youthful and the Gay,
When the Subject I shall mention
Tells their Bliss must soon decay?
Lost in Pleasure's gay Delusion,
While her Potions sweet ye drink,
Will ye bear the bold Intrusion,
Which for once shall bid ye think?
And of Things our Detestation?
Of our sad degraded State?
This vain scene's Annihilation?
And our everlasting Fate?
Of the Day of Retribution,
Which, alas! ye cannot shun;
When all must make Restitution
For the Wickedness they've done?



Yet not alone on Tribulation
All your Thoughts would I employ;
Heirs as ye are of Christ's Salvation,
Think of everlasting Joy!
Think no more of transient Pleasure;
Christ, Creation's martyr'd Friend,
Offers Bliss that knows no Measure,
Bliss that cannot ever end.
Though the Grave our Thought distresses,
Since our Saviour there was laid,
Glory fills its dark Recesses,
Glory that shall never fade.
Why then should the Grave alarm us?
'Tis because our Lives are bad;
Life ill-spent alone can harm us,
Nothing else need make us sad.